THE New Republic

Why the Democrats Are Not Investigating Republican Bloopers

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When the Big Four Meet

Do the new Russian proposals on disarmament offer hope that the leaders who confer at the summit can agree on an enforceable plan for world limitation of armaments?

Dostoevsky on the French . . . . . *Saul Bellow*

No One Won at Bandung . . . *David Landman*

Morality Minus Mentality . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

Ten years after the shooting stopped the real peace conference of World War II may be beginning. Even President Eisenhower has agreed, under pressure, to attend a conference at the summit. Why is Moscow more conciliatory? Our guess is that the Soviet faces a ring of strength which she respects.

America has splashed into every war unprepared and stampeded out of every war into wholesale demobilization. That was true after World War II. But 10 years ago Moscow didn't demobilize; she held her strength, circumvented her Yalta promises and grabbed territory. Grudgingly and reluctantly America rebuilt her international position through the Marshall Plan, Greek-Turkish aid, NATO, intervention in Korea, through alliances and armament. The Kremlin respects strength. Now there is a policy flip-flop. For the time being tension is relaxing. This is a happy thing. But has America the stability and fortitude to preserve her position if the sharp spur of fear is relaxed? It is too early to raise the question seriously, but we have always thought the Kremlin underestimated her chief natural allies in the US: indifference, penny-pinching and isolationism. They can come into play if the tough line is moderated.

Paul Martin, Health Minister of Canada, like Mrs. Hobby in Washington knew a year ago that the Salk vaccine would probably be successful. This column has so often pointed out the benefits that might come from closer attention to Canadian examples that readers may be tired of it. But consider the contrast here. The Canadian Government took advance responsibility; Washington did not. Last fall Ottawa laid down plans with the provinces; Washington did nothing with the states. In Canada the non-profit vaccine was bought by the government, the cost being allocated 50-50 with the provinces, and parents were not exploited. In Washington, on the contrary, the government refused to govern. "Free enterprise" is a good thing in many ways, but in the credo of the Eisenhower Administration the phrase has mystical connotations that produce mental blockage. Canadian Paul Martin showed imagination; Mrs. Hobby did not. Indeed, we feel the basic charge against Mrs. Hobby is graver. As we look over her whole record, it is not so much imagination that she lacks but something deeper—compassion. More than 60 children inoculated south of the Canadian border contracted polio; so far, we understand, not one has contracted it north of the border. Distribution is a mess in the US; in Canada it is "working out extremely well," Martin reports. Question: Is "free enterprise" really aided when government abdicates its proper functions?

The Eisenhower policy is, in most respects, diluted New Dealism. That would be our general definition of the two-year, over-all character of the Administration. But there is one great, glaring exception. That relates to public power. On the power issue the Administration is aggressive and coherent; it is actively fighting the Roosevelt-Truman program. It is counter-revolutionary.

The fight here involves city workers whose electric bills go up and farmers whose Rural Electrification Administration, former REA Administrator Morris L. Cooke said last week, has its very life threatened by a hostile GOP. The fight covers the country from coast to coast, from TVA in the Southeast, which Eisenhower calls "creeping socialism," to Hell's Canyon in the Pacific Northwest, where the power trust and the Interior Department are ganged up to try to eliminate the New Deal power yardstick.

We can find no single issue in which there is a sharper practical and ideological cleavage between Democratic and Republican parties than here. Congress for years has voted for preference treatment in power distribution to co-operatives and municipalities; now this policy is one of the targets of Interior Secretary McKay and Commerce Secretary Weeks. This week the House subcommittee, under Rep. Earl Chudoff (D, Pa.), is continuing its exploration of the queer way in which the power trust made confidential policy recommendations to the Interior Department which the latter adopted, in some cases verbatim. Three years ago Truman, dedicating the Montana Hungry Horse power dam, told the country to take a good look at it: "It's the last one you'll see for a long time if the Republicans win next month!" They won: 27 months have gone by; not a single new federal hydro-electric project has been started. If the Democrats want an issue, this one is going begging.

No one is paying much attention to good old Herbert Hoover and his commission. We can report that he is going ahead and is getting ready to butt his head against the biggest wall of all. The Hoover Commission has been getting out findings, about once a week. They are too conservative even for the GOP. But the prize, the beauty, is coming at the end. Others have cost smaller sums out of the total Hoover Commission appropriation; this one on water resources will take more than $400,000. It should make a bible for public utilities for years to come, a compendium of anti-federal-power arguments, including a special blast at TVA. The Hoover Commission defeated, 7 to 5, a modest proposal by Rep. Chet Holifield (D, Cal.) that the 26-man "task force" should include two representatives of public power. No soap. Instead, most task force members like the chairman, banker Sidney A. Mitchell (director, American Gas and Electric), have utility backgrounds. The task force last week submitted its huge preliminary report, 1800 pages. Now the parent commission takes over and writes the final draft. It should be a nice specimen of genuine geologic Hooverism—of those dim far-off days of a stiff neck in a starched collar.

Notes: If Ike doesn't run in '56, a possible GOP nominee is the Cabinet strong man, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey. . . . This column's guess still is that it will be Ike vs. Adlai in '56; Ike thinks he won't take it, but he hasn't begun to feel the party pressure yet. The thing he needs is a medical certificate to show his GOP draft board.

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APPRAISING THE CHANCES FOR NEGOTIATION

When the Big Four Meet

Since there has been so little detailed consideration, as yet, of the latest Russian disarmament plan, by the press or by responsible political leaders, the *New Republic* this week dispenses with its *Behind-the-Headlines* reports in order to present the following analysis and interpretation.

AT THE summit, where Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the United States are soon to meet, the weather prediction from all sides is *cold*. The men who are to meet there share one condition: they are shivering.

For its own reasons each government privately fears the encounter. The French Government, which fears any consideration of German unification, has pressed for this meeting because it was promised the public in reward for ratification of the Paris and Bonn accords. The Soviet Government, which shares French fears of German unity, has no wish to be pinned down on the terms for unification. The British Government and our own are haunted by the continuing fear that faith in negotiation may subvert our common resolution to bear manfully the burdens of Western defense. And yet each government is subject to the same pressures. "Throughout the world," said President Eisenhower in explaining his reluctant assent to the meeting, "there has been clear evidence presented through the press, through correspondence . . . through diplomatic sources that there is a vague feeling that some good might come of the conference."

The President's own feeling, far from vague, had been that no meeting should take place at the summit until the foreign ministers had established their base camps in successful prior meetings. Even this procedure entailed risks. For decisive action would be demanded of a climactic meeting that followed months of conferences. And yet it is not in the nature of the conflict with Communism that decisive and co-operative action can be completed in a few months time.

Under the procedure now agreed upon, those who meet at the summit are cast in a wholly different role. No settlement of major issues is demanded of them in the course of a few days. Instead they go to the meeting as the President goes to the opening ball game; he throws the first pitch, not to strike out the batter but to affirm that baseball is the national sport.

The ball park is not yet chosen, but the ball is resting in the President's hand. Of his own role, Mr. Eisenhower states, "You are going to meet, to try to discover whether you believe the other people are sincerely hoping to relieve tensions. If so, what are the areas of greatest tension and what can these people do."

Negotiation, the President reaffirms, is the objective to which building strength is directed. Many people will find renewed hope in that reaffirmation. But others will oppose it. For them it is absurd to suggest, as President Eisenhower does, that the Soviet rulers can be sincere about anything save the war they wage ceaselessly upon the non-Communist nations. It is improper to set out to relieve tensions by negotiations because these tensions are the natural result of our resistance to the extension of Soviet rule. Negotiation in this view implies a recognition of the legitimacy of the Soviet state, and must lessen our pressures upon it. Therefore negotiation is not only futile but dangerous, since our objective is not accommodation with but the downfall of Soviet power.

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However laudable this objective is, the practicable aim of the US and its allies has been the more limited one of defending the non-Communist world against Communist aggression. Universal and enforceable disarmament achieves our purposes if in fact it can eliminate the Communist military threat.

In a similar spirit other critics of a meeting now at the summit hold that while negotiations are worthwhile, they are premature since our relative strength is rising. The reverse could be true. The conventional armed forces of the West have levelled out well below those of the Russians and Chinese, and the imbalance will not be righted by 12 German divisions. In the past our nuclear stockpile served as a deterrent to aggression by Russia's massed armies. But as Soviet bomb production grows, nuclear stockpiles are likely to offset each other and to become a deterrent not to all warfare but to nuclear war.

As the stockpiles grow, however, the trend toward neutralism seems certain to rise among the smaller states that cannot defend themselves against devastation. Their alliances with this country are founded on their belief that our common strength is directed toward an active search for peace. Strength in its true sense, political and spiritual as well as military in its resources, demands that we seek out every opportunity that is offered for peace.

For eight years, certainly, the opportunities presented for agreement with the Kremlin have proved illusory. The collapse of the Moscow conference in 1947, the failure of the London meeting later that year, the 109 days of wrangling in the Palais Rose in 1951 and the futile discussions held in 1953 all suggest that the differences are irreconcilable between the Kremlin and the West and that the sole purpose of the Soviet leaders in meeting is propaganda. This time, in contrast, there is some evidence that military, economic and political considerations lead the Kremlin to believe that its self-interest lies in compromise even at some cost to Soviet objectives.

In military terms Western experts have noticed recently that the Soviet press is filled with anxious debate on Marxist theory and nuclear war. While the rise of socialism from the ruins of a future war is predicted, there is no longer denial that ruin will cover the world.

In economic terms the Soviet state is clearly strained beyond capacity in attempting simultaneously to produce nuclear weapons, to maintain five million men in uniform, to serve as the industrial supplier of China, and to raise living standards of the Russian people. In terms of political considerations, whatever additional fears are aroused in the Kremlin by the ambitions of Bonn and the foolhardiness of Peking, this much is certain: in retreating from Austria, in petitioning Yugoslavia, in moderating its response to the German accords, and in abandoning its rigid stand on disarmament, the Kremlin is showing its dissatisfaction with its recent policies. For no man tinkers with success.

The break-up of the Western defenses remains, of course, foremost among the Kremlin's objectives. Bulganin, the Soviet Premier, spoke very frankly in Warsaw: "It is necessary to take all steps to prevent the revival of German militarism and to wage an extensive and comprehensive struggle against the implementation of the Paris agreements." It would be surprising if "all steps" did not include a new offer by the Kremlin to extend to all Germany the independence and neutrality already granted to Austria. The offer will be extremely difficult for the West to meet, for Chancellor Adenauer has brought Western Germany into NATO on the explicit understanding that NATO in return will become the means of securing German unification. The Soviet Union most certainly is not going to present the East Zone of Germany to NATO. Nor are the NATO powers going to consent to a disarmed and neutral Germany. For, as Sir Anthony Eden has said, if Germany is disarmed, who will keep her neutral, and if Germany is neutral, who will keep her disarmed?

The new Soviet proposals, presented by Jacob Malik to the UN Disarmament Commission on May 10, appear to envisage a partial evacuation of foreign troops from Germany, prior to all-German elections, and within the context of a world disarmament plan. To these two proposals the Soviet spokesman is likely to add a third, for a security system for all Europe, in which each nation guarantees all others and Germany is granted, not neutrality, but equality with all the rest.

Apart from the political necessity of meeting the challenge, the approach is worthy of serious considera-

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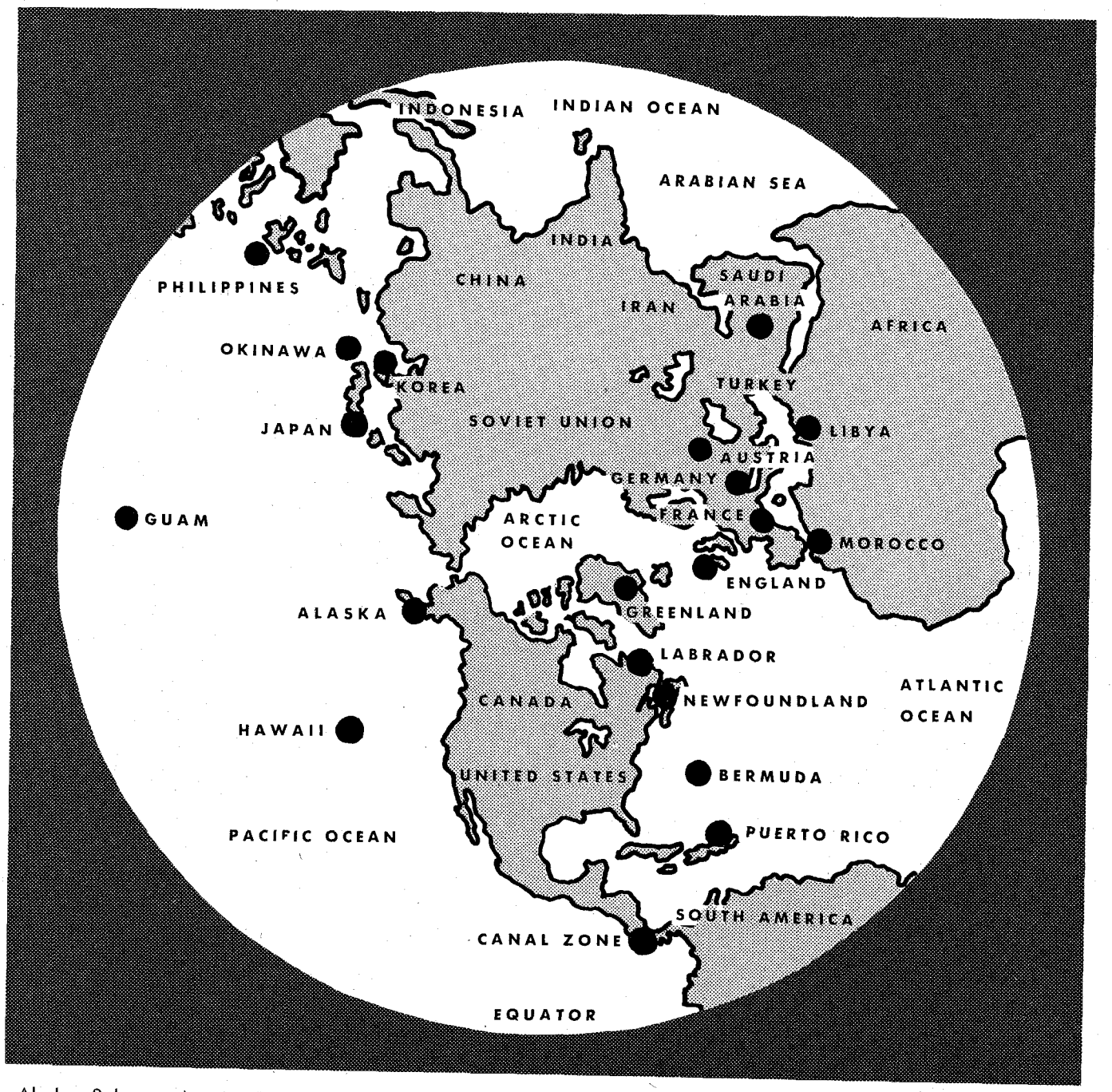
Location of US Air Bases Overseas



Alaska, 3 bases; Austria, 1; Bermuda, 1; Canal Zone, 1; England, 16; France, 8; French Morocco, 5; Germany, 12; Greenland, 3; Guam, 1; Hawaii, 1; Japan, 12; Korea, 4; Labrador, 1; Newfoundland, 2; Okinawa, 2 Philippine Islands, 1; Puerto Rico, 1; Saudi Arabia, 1; Libya, 1.

tion. For there is merit in treating German unification within the context of a larger settlement for Europe. And successful and vital as NATO is today, NATO, like all our defense plans, is no end in itself.

The substance of the Soviet proposals rests, of course, on the Kremlin's new disarmament plan. To be successful that plan must pass two tests: it must encompass the goal of universal enforced disarmament; it must progress toward this goal in such a manner that at each stage the present balance in military strength is not lost to one side or the other. On neither count can the skeleton proposal that the Russians have submitted be judged adequate or wholly inadequate. But it offers a basis for worthwhile discussions at last.

For eight years serious discussion on disarmament has been frustrated by basic conflicts in the approaches of

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The New Soviet Disarmament Plan—

WHAT THE RUSSIANS PROPOSE	WHAT IT SUGGESTS

First Stage (1956)

The signatory States agree as a first step toward disarmament not to increase their armed forces and conventional armaments above the levels existing on December, 1954. They further undertake to limit appropriations for conventional and atomic weapons to the level of expenditures during the year ending September 1, 1954. These measures shall be carried out within two months after the agreements enter into force. Each government will present "full official figures" on armed forces, conventional armaments and military expenditures (but none on the production or stockpiles of nuclear weapons) to the Disarmament Commission.

The Soviet Government here accepts in principle the standstill agreement proposed by Canada, France, Britain and the US on March 8 as the first stage in disarmament. It accepts the dates proposed by the four powers and also their insistence that expenditures rather than appropriations for 1954 will be used as the basis for the freeze. Thus it agrees to a freeze at the levels proposed by the four powers. Abandoning its prior position the Soviet Government concedes further that production of nuclear weapons may continue until disarmament is well advanced. But while the allied proposals insist on verification of the freeze by an established control agency, no provision is offered in the Soviet plan for verification of the "official figures" submitted by each government.

The following ceilings are established upon all armed forces:

The US, the USSR and China: 1 million to 1.5 million men; Britain and France: 650,000 men.

Comparable ceilings are established upon non-nuclear armaments. The five powers reduce their armed forces and armaments within one year to the extent of 50 percent of the difference between the above ceilings and the levels existing on December 31, 1954.

In a major reversal of policy the Soviet Government here agrees to give up its tremendous superiority in conventional armed forces. Previously the Kremlin stood fast on a one-third reduction of armed forces by all states. Here it accepts the principle of equality in conventional forces between the Communist nations and the allies *at levels which the allies can maintain.* Moreover the Soviet Government goes beyond the allied plan in establishing a time limit for the achievement of equality in conventional forces.

A world conference is to be convened among *all* nations during the first half of 1956 to secure disarmament and the prohibition of atomic weapons. The size of the armed forces of other States will be determined "by simple agreed criteria" and "shall be in all cases considerably lower than the levels established for the five permanent members of the Security Council."

This provision follows broadly the March 8 proposal of Britain, Canada, France and the US that, once approved by the five nations, the draft treaty on disarmament "would be open to signature and adherence by all States." The Soviet provision on the armed forces of other States repeats the exact language of the British and French proposal of March 29, 1955.

As a first step toward the prohibition of nuclear warfare, States possessing nuclear weapons will discontinue all testing of these weapons. Supervision of this ban will be carried out by an international commission reporting to the Security Council and the General Assembly.

Previously, the Soviet Government, like the allied nations, had resisted all proposals for a ban upon the testing of nuclear weapons, although the ban was promoted by the Kremlin for propaganda purposes. This provision may simply be directed to Asian opinion.

Simultaneously with the commencement of disarmament and prior to the complete prohibition of nuclear warfare, nations agree not to use nuclear weapons. The Soviet proposal adds:

"Exceptions from this rule may be allowed for purposes of defense against aggression when an appropriate decision is taken by the Security Council."

The Soviet Government here abandons its previous insistence on an immediate and total prohibition on nuclear weapons. It accepts in principle the four-power stand that they will not be used "except in defense against aggression." By inclusion of the Security Council, however, the Soviet reserves for itself an effective veto on the use of nuclear weapons by other States.

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and the Policy Shift It Represents

WHAT THE RUSSIANS PROPOSE	WHAT IT SUGGESTS
"The States possessing military naval and air bases on the territories of other countries undertake to dismantle these bases. "The question as to what bases are to be dismantled during the first period should be additionally agreed upon."	**While distrust continues,** the Soviet Government explains, no nation can risk total disarmament or unlimited inspection. Foreign bases, it adds, are the major source of distrust. If their dismantling is agreed upon, and commenced, then trust will be created and the second stage of disarmament may be undertaken. The proposal is new.

Second Stage (1957)

The production of nuclear weapons shall be stopped immediately and national budgets shall be correspondingly reduced.	**The US-UK-France-Canada** plan timed the prohibition on production of nuclear weapons on completion of the 50-percent reduction in conventional armaments. Thus the two plans concur.
All signatory nations shall reduce their armed forces and armaments by the remaining 50 percent to established ceilings.	**A more drastic** measure than any yet proposed by the four Western powers. A tremendous concession in principle whose value in practice turns on the controls.
After 75 percent of the total reduction envisaged for armed forces and conventional armaments is completed, the complete prohibition on nuclear weapons enters into force. "Removal of these weapons from national armaments and their destruction" shall begin simultaneously with the remaining 25 percent reduction in conventional forces and armaments, and both shall be completed in 1957. "All atomic material will then be used solely for peaceful purposes."	**The Soviet Government** had insisted that the prohibition of nuclear weapons and the destruction of nuclear stockpiles should take place after 50 percent of the reduction of conventional forces and armaments had been completed. Britain and France proposed in reply that the prohibition and destruction of weapons should start after 75-percent reduction was completed and on condition that a fully effective control system was in operation. The Soviet Government now accepts the 75-percent figure, though not accepting the more ambitious control system of the Western powers.
"The States shall undertake to promote broad international co-operation in the peaceful uses of atomic energy. They . . . shall strive to devote part of the savings resulting from disarmament . . . to the broad utilization of atomic energy for peaceful purposes" particularly in helping economically underdeveloped areas.	**"Irrelevant!"** snapped Jacob Malik, the Soviet delegate, when this proposal was pressed by the allies. The allies first advanced it in 1946. The Russians have not only endorsed it but have shown a growing interest in conferences on the peacetime uses of atomic energy.
"Measures for dismantling all foreign military naval and air bases . . . shall be completed."	**The allies** have agreed only that on the completion of disarmament these bases would obviously be superfluous.
Further disarmament is held desirable to levels "absolutely necessary for the maintenance of internal security and the fulfillment of . . . obligations under the United Nations Charter."	**In assessing** the genuineness of this offer it is worth speculating whether semi-military dictatorships (23 of the 43 members of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party are generals) could undertake or survive such a revolutionary transformation.

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Russia and the allies and, further, by a basic disparity in their positions. Russia and China possessed an enormous superiority in local armed might in each embattled area. It was matched by the universal superiority of the allies acquired through our possession of a stockpile of atomic bombs. These two expressions of armed strength, so dissimilar, could not be meshed in a single plan of disarmament and control. But now the non-Communist nations have built up their local military forces, the Communists have accumulated their stockpile and so the relating of conventional and nuclear disarmament becomes possible.

The West has insisted that disarmament start with conventional forces. The Kremlin has disagreed. As late as February 25, 1955, the Soviet delegates to the UN Disarmament Commission reaffirmed their country's insistence that the freeze on armed forces be fixed at the levels of January, 1955, and that later these forces be reduced by one-third in exchange for a ban upon the use of nuclear weapons. Thus the Kremlin protected its superiority in non-nuclear warfare, while denying the West the weapon that permits a world balance in armed force.

Now the Soviet Union proposes a reduction of conventional forces to 1.5 million in the case of the US, the Soviet Union and China, and 650,000 for France and Great Britain. Fifty percent of the difference between these levels and those prevailing on December 31, 1954, is to be achieved within one year. The impact of this reduction may be judged by an approximation of conventional forces at that date.

US—3.2 million regular troops on active duty
USSR—4.5 million regular troops on active duty
UK—829,800 (including national service, nurses)
China—2 million in regular army, 1 million in security forces, over 6 million in militia
France and the French Union—907,000 on active duty
Soviet Satellites—1.45 million on active duty

Apparently the initial impact of the new Soviet plan, once implemented, is to deprive Soviet Russia of its preponderance of armed force in conventional weapons. The conventional forces of the Communists would be rapidly cut down to levels which the non-Communist nations are permitted and can maintain. And until further reductions are accomplished, the free nations retain their capacity to wage a nuclear war. In addition, a further concession is indicated on the system of controls.

Unlimited, enforceable inspection has been and still is the key to allied disarmament plans. The control proposals submitted to the UN Disarmament Commission by Britain, France, Canada and the US require *first*, that the control agency be functioning in each state prior to the commencement of disarmament; *second*, that it certify that each stage of disarmament is completed before the next stage is undertaken and *third*, that it have unlimited access to all installations and areas and not merely those listed as relevant by the country concerned. Neither these provisions, nor the view they represent, are accepted by the Soviet Government in its new plan. Whatever nations may proclaim, states the Soviet Government with some logic, they will not in fact permit unlimited inspection in the present climate of distrust. Distrust, the Kremlin holds, is caused by threats such as the ring of bomber bases with which the US has encircled Russia. The solution, in the Kremlin view, is to create a limited inspection system and to eliminate the bases.

THE control system proposed by the Kremlin follows the pattern already established in Korea. "Preparation for another war," it argues, "is inescapably associated with the need to concentrate at definite points large military formations. . . . Such concentrations . . . and their transfer can be affected only through big junctions, ports and airfields." On these installations the posts of an international control agency will be established in the first stage of disarmament. The agency will have further access to official information on the progress of disarmament *which it cannot verify*. In the second stage, when the dismantling of bases creates the climate of mutual trust, the functions of the international agency are extended. The added functions will include inspection carried out by international civil servants who "within the bounds of the control functions they exercise would have unhindered access at any time to all objects of control."

The value of this last provision rests plainly on the length to which the list of "objects of control" is extended. "Unhindered access" in other words is subject to negotiation at last and so, it may be assumed, is the dismantling of bases. Obviously the US bases overseas will not be scrapped overnight. The reactivation of a base in Pakistan, should the plan break down, would take much longer than the reactivation of a Soviet division, and so the condition set for balanced disarmament would be upset. And yet intermediary stages are obviously possible: the bases can be placed on standby status, like the mothball fleet.

For the present, the details of the Soviet proposal are less important than the question of whether the outline of the proposal has merit in principle: the answer is probably *yes*. If armaments are fixed at levels far below those demanded for successful aggression and if selective inspection can be established to see that these levels are broadly kept, then the major activities can be outlawed which are part of mobilization for war.

If this is true, and we believe it is true, then the task at the summit is clear: it is to declare the season open for negotiation and, while permitting no relaxation in present efforts to counter the economic, political and military expansion of Communism, to set the experts to work. Their task is to examine the details of the Soviet and Western proposals in the most painstaking awareness of concealed dangers and obvious needs. They may break through, if at the summit there is, in Churchill's words: "the will to win the greatest prize."

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The Prosecution Rests

by Elizabeth Donahue

WHEN THE Republicans took command of the 80th Congress in 1947, a GOP member boasted, "We are going to open each session with a prayer and close it with a probe." Scorning any such mixture, the Democratic majority in the present Congress is relying on prayer alone.

It was not always thus. In the flush of victory last November, Democrats pledged themselves to wring out the truth about the Administration's "numbers racket" in the security program, block the Dixon-Yates contract, expose the expanding influence of private power monopolies, stop the gutting of the Rural Electrification Administration and the proposed transfer of Hell's Canyon to the Idaho Power Co. They would probe the airlines, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the television and radio industries and even the decline of US leadership abroad.

The threatened Democratic inquiries were—and are—valid. But they have come to nothing.

It is, of course, characteristic of Congressmen that the only war they seek is with rival candidates at the next election. But as 1956 approaches it does not look as if there will be enough powder and shot to blow a duck out of a pond, and certainly no heavy ammunition for the Democrats' candidate for the White House. It has been a time-honored technique for a party out of power to build popular support for the next election by vigorous investigation. A recent, classic example of the effectiveness of this technique was the Republican investigation of corruption in the second Truman Administration. These inquiries were nominally under the leadership of Democrats, but in most instances they were first sponsored and vigorously exploited by Republicans. Next to the exploitation of the stalemate in Korea, these exposés were probably most responsible for the Republican sweep in 1952; they gave the touch of validity to the theme, "it's-time-for-a-change."

Given such powerful partisan motives for investigation by the Democrats, why has the Senate leadership been so listless since last November?

One reason is that many Senators belong to Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's school of politics: be responsible, respectable, relaxed. Johnson told intimates at the outset of this session he believed the people were weary of headlines, controversy and partisan recrimination. McCarthy had given all Congressional investigations a bad name. Thus, under Johnson's calculated strategy, every controversy is a Republican "family fight." So ironically, the only vigorous Senate inquiry into an Administration blooper this year was Republican Sen. William Langer's (N. D.) inquiry into the ouster of Edward Corsi as special deputy to Secretary Dulles on refugee problems. Langer conducted the hearings without visible support from any other Senator except Tom Hennings (D, Mo.).

Johnson's "responsible," crabwise approach may be based on the faith that Knowland and McCarthy may cut the throat of their party without any Democratic help, or that there is a "normal" Democratic majority in the country and the natural drift of events will bring the Democrats back to power. But as long as Eisenhower is still an available candidate, such faith strains belief.

The burden of investigation traditionally falls on the Senate, for inquiries carried on in the House rarely achieve the results or command the public attention of those in the other chamber. The age and outlook of the senior Democrats in the Senate is another explanation of the failure to pry open the lid on Administration errors. Only two committee chairmen are striplings under 50 and four of the dozen are over 75. Age alone is not a barrier to energetic effort (as Senators Lehman and Green prove), but when age is added to a conservative outlook, the sum total is zero.

It is difficult to document, yet the deans of the Senate, men like Walter George (Ga.) and Harry Byrd (Va.) and Richard Russell (Ga.) and John McClellan (Ark.), show a profound disinterest in whether or not a Democrat moves into the White House in 1957. These Southern veterans, and even such Northern old-timers as Harley Kilgore of West Virginia and James Murray of Montana, already have their chairmanships and their committee patronage. The Administration is forced to clear important bills and appointments with them. No Democratic successor to Mr. Eisenhower could be more deferential to their prerogatives. In fact a Democratic President might even cause a good deal of discomfort by prodding for more progressive and less moderate domestic legislation. So long as they keep control of Congress, life for much of the Senatorial Democratic brass is more than bearable.

The clash of personal ambitions also helps deaden Democratic initiatives. Such a clash certainly aborted the most promising and best-publicized of the recent investigations—the inquiry into the Dixon-Yates contract and the private power monopoly.

Elizabeth Donahue has been a political reporter in Washington, D. C., since 1942.

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THERE is no question that Lyndon Johnson maneuvered Estes Kefauver, ranking Democrat in the Judiciary Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee, out of the chairmanship of the subcommittee scheduled to undertake the Dixon-Yates and power inquiry. Though Johnson was said to favor adequate funds for the investigation, in a remarkably short time Kefauver's request for a million dollars was cut to $150,000 (later raised to a quarter million), Kefauver was out, and the anti-investigation sympathies of the full Judiciary Committee were strengthened by the addition of Price Daniel of Texas in place of Herbert Lehman of New York, who had asked for the assignment. The amiable, unambitious Senator Kilgore, chairman of the full Judiciary Committee, obligingly took over the chairmanship of the Monopoly Subcommittee too. Sidney Davis, a former law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Black, who had carried on the earlier Dixon-Yates probe under Langer without a staff or appropriation, resigned in dejection.

The rout was complete. Davis was replaced as Committee Counsel by Joseph Burns, who has publicly opposed the Robinson-Patman Anti-Monopoly Act and favored the elimination of triple damage and criminal provisions of the Anti-Trust law. Johnson meanwhile worked with Sen. Styles Bridges (R, N. H.), long friendly with the private power companies of New Hampshire, to stack the Judiciary Committee. A former employee of Bridges is now working for Counsel Burns. The *coup de grace* was delivered by Johnson when he wangled a seat on the Joint Atomic Energy Committee for Kefauver's Democratic colleague from Tennessee, Senator Gore, an outspoken foe of Dixon-Yates.

Lyndon Johnson

The appointment of Gore to one committee studying the Dixon-Yates Contract gave Johnson a plausible excuse for opposing another Tennessean as Chairman of a special investigation of the same contract. Johnson was reportedly not so opposed to the inquiry as to a build-up of Kefauver's Presidential ambitions.

Last November, Senator Olin Johnston, the South Carolinian who now heads the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee, wired the Chairman of the Civil Service Commission demanding a break-down of the fluctuating figures on the Administration's security firings. The "Numbers Game" was to be given full publicity. When the new Congress opened, Johnston again pledged a full-scale inquiry. FOA Director Harold Stassen promised to hold Ladejinsky, the hired-fired-and-hired land-reform expert, in this country for questioning by the Committee. But a month later Johnston's bold words were reduced to a whisper. Committee funds were held up while Majority Leader Johnson applied poultices to take the heat out of the investigation. Finally Olin Johnston got $125,000 for his probe—but at a high rate of interest. The 76-year-old former Sen. Guy Gillette (who solemnly promises "to pull up no paving stones") was named to run the investigation.

Ladejinsky has long since gone to Indo-China; his case is tentatively scheduled for an airing—perhaps in public—sometime in the future. No other "Numbers Game" hearings are mentioned. The investigating staff is headed by Richard Lawrence, a former FBI man and former security officer of the Defense Production Administration who as a private investigator more recently has been a paid consultant to State Department Security Officer Scott McLeod. Olin Johnston is "hopeful that the work will not necessitate the holding . . . of public hearings under bright lights." He says the Committee's work must be "constructive." It will also be nil.

A THIRD promising investigation has run afoul on another kind of reef. Sen. Warren Magnuson of Washington, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, is earnestly pushing an investigation of the television and radio industry. This would focus on the NBC and CBS blockade of the 70 (UHF) ultra high frequency channels and the extent to which FCC licensing power has encouraged the blockade and fostered a television monopoly. The Committee obtained a $200,000 appropriation, but this sum, barely adequate in itself, has been nibbled away by other subcommittees and scarcely $50,000 remains for examining radio-TV.

Despite the good intentions of the Chairman and his newly chosen counsel, Sidney Davis, the television probe has little chance of success without an infusion of funds and staff personnel. Meanwhile, the major networks are mobilizing to fight any attack on their monopolistic control of the 12 existing VHF (very high frequency) channels. "Scoop" Russell, the indefatigable, lobbying vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company, is already busy in the Senate cloakrooms and corridors, ushering groups of owners of NBC affiliates to see Lyndon Johnson and keeping his lines of access to Bricker and other GOP Committee members open and well-traveled.

The 84th Congress is now five months old. On its record thus far, it will go down in history as the least productive, dullest Congress in the 10 years since the end of World War II. Probably we will not know until the votes in 1956 are counted whether Lyndon Johnson is right in insisting that the appearance of unity among the Democrats and of co-operation with the President is worth preserving at any price. Meanwhile, the Democrats, like the old sailor, are navigating by guess and by God.

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"Nobody Won at Bandung"

by David Landman

THE FLAGS of 29 nations have been hauled down and put away, the hotel prices have come down too, and what was temporarily called "Djalan Asia-Afrika" is once more East Main Street. The first Asian-African conference has become something that happened last month. Its momentary crises and its dramatic highspots have begun to assume proper perspective.

It is already clear that America's ideals fared well at Bandung while her interests fared better than most experts predicted they would. At the same time, the foreign policy we employ in pursuit of those ideals and interests was frequently and sharply attacked by those we look on as allies as well as those we treat as enemies. The cables are all in by now, and in the State Department, one hopes, they are precipitating discussion upon needed changes in America's Asian policy. For, from Bandung at least, it is clear that the conference points the way to change.

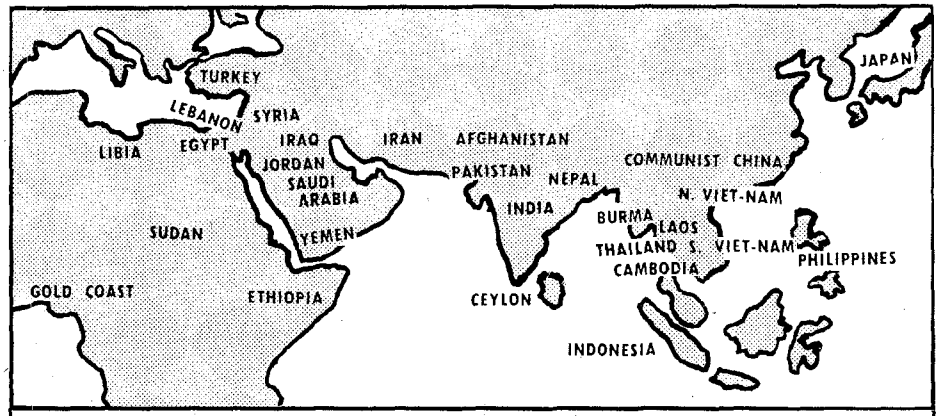
First among needed changes, perhaps, is a change in the way we regard conferences we do not control. We speak still of winners and losers at Bandung, but we are wrong. Nobody won at Bandung. It was not the World Series with Pandit Nehru crouching behind home plate in the indignity of an umpire's mask. Any observer who talks about "our side" and "their side" should swap his typewriter for a case of Rheingold and go back to Ebbets Field.

America's allies triumphed at Bandung, making fervent, convincing pleas against Communism. These were seconded by the eloquent anti-Communists of several neutral nations—which made no move, however, to join the Cold War. Chou En-lai triumphed by being admitted to an international conference as an equal. Nehru triumphed, despite personal defeats, by shepherding the conference through to its amicable and productive conclusion. All of Asia and Africa triumphed by holding the meeting and by finding that it could speak with one voice.

From Bandung, then, America must learn the necessity of judging all nations by standards other than the single question: *Where do you stand on the Cold War?*

Undeniably, the Cold War and threat of atomic hot war between the United States and Russia (with a coterie of allies on each side) is the most important problem on the face of the earth. There was never a minute at Bandung when delegates and observers were not all conscious of the tick-tick-tick of the imminent nuclear cataclysm, from which no Asian could escape. Fearing this common disaster the neutrals, the preponderant number of A-A nations, would have no part of the US-Soviet rivalry. They were themselves not military powers. They did not feel that by joining sides they could affect the Cold War or prevent the hot one. They did not travel to Bandung to stand up and be counted.

China and North Viet-Nam were on their good behavior at Bandung and did almost no public proselytizing. Nations already committed to the West voiced their feelings about Communism, but I don't think Mohammed Ali, the spokesman of Pakistan, regarded himself as a Billy Graham who would win converts from among the sinners present in the great public prayer meeting. As far as I know, no nation changed its Cold War status during the conference, unless you count Cambodia and Laos — which were listed as pro-US in the preconference box scores, but which talked as neutralists.



The 29 nations indicated on the map above met together for the first time at Bandung on the call of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia.

Cold War status, and this cannot be repeated too often, was not a basis for judging anything about the A-A countries—except their Cold War status. In the so-called pro-democratic camp were governments which at home were not democratic. Among the neutralists were tight little autocracies of the Middle East, Burmese Socialists, the Nehru government which trounced the Reds in a recent local election, and the Sas-

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troamidjojo government which is at least nominally supported by the Reds of Indonesia.

We not only couldn't judge the A-A nations by the Cold War standard, but by that standard alone we couldn't judge the things they did. By Cold War logic, the *Washington Post* predicted that Chou En-lai would hammer home his grievances about Formosa. But Chou left his hammer behind in Peking. It was the war-weary neutralists who took turns calling meetings and suggesting plans for a Formosa settlement. In both debate and private conversation, our pro-democratic friends at Bandung were numerous, outnumbering our treaty allies. When relieved of the requirement of standing up and being counted in the Cold War, they worked closely with the democracies.

A refusal to recognize that members of each Cold War category can have divergent views, and that members of opposing blocs can have shared views is the Cold War mentality, a numbness of intellect, a kind of cerebral frostbite. Avoidance of this condition is the first lesson of Bandung.

BANDUNG was a conference, but more than that, it was an exposition, where nations exhibited to the world the principles they stood for. What the United States believed in and what we had to offer were not particularly well displayed.

We are a democratic country born in revolution. Our institutions are tempered by the heat of a 170-year struggle against the economic and political fetters which all men yearn to loosen. The difference between us and the A-A nations is that we've fought a little longer. When the conference opened on April 18, the anniversary of our war against colonialism, we could have reminded the nations of the heritage we share. The prime minister of Canada sent greetings; so did the president of the Supreme Soviet and three lesser Soviets. If we were afraid of the coarse word "revolution" we could at least have cabled Bandung the kind of message which, upon a Congressman's request, the White House will dispatch to the tenth annual banquet of the chamber of commerce of Ottumwa. But such a message was never sent. Sastroamidjojo, chairman of the conference, went out of his way to quote an approving letter from American private citizens, but from the American President there was nothing to quote.

The United States missed another trick by failing to dramatize its splendid aid program. I would personally have enjoyed seeing a shiny yellow FOA tractor clatter past the conference hall pulling a load of hybrid seed corn, but the city's stringent traffic regulations made this impossible. However, the President had a new, billion-dollar program for economic and technical assistance for Free Asia. He timed his message to Congress so badly that it reached the newspapers here when the conference was almost finished. The amount of aid for Asia is not yet clear to us in Asia; the figures of economic aid were mixed up with military allotments. Never have a billion dollars spoken in such a hoarse little whisper!

A gentleman of ambassadorial rank from one of America's most enthusiastic Asian allies told me he felt the United States made serious errors in initially misjudging Bandung: "There are grounds for believing that the State Department misread the conference and was afraid of it, fearing that the innocents of Asia would be manipulated by the Comrades, and that Chou would emerge as the leader of Asia. Your government had too little faith in democracy and in the fierce independence of the newly freed Asian peoples." Secretary Dulles' public reference to the "so-called Afro-Asian conference" indicated that some people must have been misjudging the conference, or that Mr. Dulles has a very Puckish subconscious.

One of the things the American public could learn from the conference is a healthy suspicion of some of its overseas press reports. The newspapers and newsmagazines which had the wrong predictions before Bandung and the wrong answers afterwards used the same technique they employed to get wrong answers on four of the last five US Presidential elections: they went by the publishers' prejudices and the staff's preconceptions instead of reporting what was going on.

There was the editorial writer who, when the conference didn't run according to the form sheets available in the beer parlors of New York's West Forties, called Bandung a "turnabout." There were reporters who conceived of the conference as a personal duel between Chou and Nehru, and (having invented the battle) were disappointed because there was no winner.

I THINK the problem arises when correspondents begin to regard themselves as instruments of foreign policy instead of members of a newsgathering organization. Sitting at my typewriter here in Bandung, I am no more responsible to the State Department and its policies than a city hall reporter is responsible to the mayor. My job is to report what happened, and to interpret the reports so that they become more meaningful. It is *not* to report solely on what I or my government would have liked to have happen. Only by truly remaining a reporter can a newsman provide the informative dispatches which a State Department might actually make use of in developing sound foreign policy.

Conversely, the State Department might more clearly differentiate between its obligation to keep the press informed and its primary business of international relations. When Premier Chou En-lai electrified the conference and the peace-hungry world by offering to meet with the United States to discuss Formosa, there were two courses of immediate action possible. In London the Foreign Office said "very interesting" and sat down to think. In Washington, a skeptical statement challenging Chou's sincerity was handed to the press in time for the first editions of the morning papers. Among America's allies there was speechlessness. Among the neu-

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tralists there was the feeling that America had deliberately refused to negotiate with Chou. Nehru was more charitable than the others: "I am sure," he said, "that if the matter is given fuller thought there are many kinds of negotiations, formal and informal."

Days later the President explained that the State Department communique was incomplete and contained possible errors of terminology. This scarcely mended the shattered prestige of American diplomacy, because the fault of the communique was not its hasty phrases, but that it ignored the existence of the conference. For the countries of Asia, to be unable to trust an armed neighbor whose population numbers almost 600 million, is a thought too uncomfortable even to contemplate. By broadly doubting the possibility of Chou's being sincere, the communique insulted as dopes and dupes all the delegates who came here to try to live with China.

AMERICA must learn to think of Asians as mature, dignified men who are engaged in serious quest for solutions to their problems. Their independent governments are new, their economies underdeveloped; but their minds, their cultures and their sense of human dignity are neither.

I have before me a lead editorial from the *New York Times* on how Indonesia, Viet-Nam, Cambodia and other countries were liberated from colonial rule by the West. Surely this essay was penned by a man who believes the Thirteen Colonies were freed by George III.

Asians are not children, nor charity cases recently released from the mission hospital. The Indonesians—I live among them—fought a bloody revolution. The skeletons of burned Dutch mansions still stand by the highways; until last week there was, in the little park outside my window in Djakarta, the rusting hulk of a battered armored car. The Indonesians don't think they were liberated by anybody. They won freedom after a four-year fight. Like most of the peoples in Asia, they are now engaged in consolidation, the post-revolutionary phase of liberation. Their primary interest is their own peaceful development, not a game of choose-up-sides for an atomic war which would, in any case, destroy them.

Though America, in its press and in its policies, erred, we emerged from the Bandung Conference criticized but not despised. The predicted flood of anti-Americanism never materialized, even out of the mouths of the Red delegates. The conference's 10 principles included approval of the SEATO-type pacts; the Final Communique made clear reference to the valuable contribution of the Point Four program. America's friends left Bandung full of honor and respect; naturally we were pleased.

Why *did* America come out well? Because the democratic principles for which we stand are highly regarded in Asia and Africa; because the economic and technical help we can give are highly respected; and because, for those that request military help, it is available too.

Where do we go from Bandung? Seen from here, where the loss of one man's temper in the US Senate seems a little less important than the loss of confidence among thousands of Asians in the wisdom and purposes of the US, we need to break with the attitudes voiced by Knowland which in Asia have almost no base.

Further, we must use the Cold War standard only with a sense of proportion. There are countries which want arms for their own purposes. There are countries which can provide battalions and bases for our purposes. There are perfectly estimable countries which want no part of our Cold War. We must respect and understand them all.

In addition, believing that the growth of democracy is the greatest true bulwark against Communism, we must offer economic and technical aid wherever it will help democracy, even to a proud India, a distrusting Indonesia.

Lastly, believing in democracy, we must apply "political aid" in the form of pressure on colonial countries. General Carlos Romulo, as good a friend as we had at Bandung, pointed out to the conference how uniquely fair was America's treatment of the Philippines, its one Asian colony. But too often, he said, the US has lacked consistency in upholding its own principles, too often it has sided with colonial governments against the subject peoples of Asia and Africa. "This was more than regrettable. We think it has been unwise."

Political aid to colonial peoples is necessary and is not unprecedented. In 1949, toward the end of the Indonesian revolution, the United States helped the cause of freedom by compelling the Dutch to seek peace or face the loss of ECA aid. Whereas in Indo-China, where we never exerted effective positive pressure, freedom was never given a chance. Non-Communist Southeast Asians say Ho Chi Minh was a nationalist first and became a Communist when there was no other place to go. "Political aid"—pressure on the French—could have produced a better champion of the rights of native peoples than Bao Dai of the Riviera, and could have saved Viet-Nam for democracy. In both Asia and Africa, there are other colonies that are overdue for liberation, where we can help if we practice what we believe in.

BUT WILL our policy change? Have we actually learned anything from Bandung? A chronic gambler does not learn from a sermon against sin, nor from a discussion of the mathematical laws of chance. He listens politely, his face a blank, for his mind is in far-off Las Vegas. And when the lecture is finished, he nods assent and goes off to work on his "system" which will beat the big wheel. Are we compulsive losers, too, who must continue to throw our dollars away on the one-armed bandits? This question is travelling across Asia and Africa on the thousand trails made by the delegates at Bandung.

David Landman is spending a year in Indonesia, sponsored by the Ford Foundation. This is the second of two articles on the lessons of Bandung.

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Freedom To Hammer

by Ridgely Cummings

A BOOM town with artistic problems is one way to describe Los Angeles these days.

In simpler times a boom meant easy money for confidence men and shady ladies. Here it means opportunities for builders, architects and, surprisingly, artists.

Huge stores with spacious parking facilities are taking shape, usually that of low, blank-walled boxes, on what used to be pasture land in the peripheral areas. And the Civic Center district is blossoming with new buildings, too. With this growth has arisen the question of freedom of expression in art.

I got this far when I was firmly interrupted by a certain belligerent young lady related to me by marriage. The B.Y.L. peered over my shoulder at the typewriter and challenged me. "What are you doing?" she inquired. "Working for the Chamber of Commerce?"

"I'm trying to write a serious article defending the sculptor's right to mould clay and hammer bronze in any manner that suits his artistic fancy," I explained, a little testily.

"Who told you that there are more opportunities for artists here?"

"Well, it stands to reason, doesn't it? Look at all the new buildings that have to be decorated."

"Artists don't decorate," she said. "Designers do that."

"How about the Rosenthal statue on the new police building?" I rebutted smugly. "You have a case there," she conceded. "But don't try to make a cosmic generality out of one lone problem."

Having put that in to keep the B.Y.L. happy, I guess I can go back to my script. As I was saying, Los Angeles' growth has brought with it a problem in freedom of art. The problem hinges on a piece of statuary adorning one of the new buildings in Civic Center.

The L. A. Civic Center is down by the railroad tracks, where the trains come in from the north and east to discharge the hordes of new settlers under the Spanish style arches of Union Station. Frequently I meet the new arrivals at the depot in the performance of my daily duties. Not that I function as a West Coast Grover Whalen, a deputy greeter representing City Hall. My activities are simply those of a temporary cab driver.

It's part of my job to carry the new arrivals and their baggage to a hotel or the home of a relative. Their first interest is finding a roof. Their second usually is buying a cheap car to negotiate the 456 square miles of the city in search of work. Once they start driving on their own I see them no more, at least not in a business sense. Too often a settler's first cab ride is his last and we drivers compete for the privilege of introducing him to the city.

Ridgely Cummings is a former art-critic, a contributor to Frontier *and the* New Republic, *and a "temporary taxi driver."*

"Faceless, raceless and gutless"

This apparent irrelevance all ties up with art. Since the Civic Center adjoins the depot, the first building to attract the visitor's notice is the tall, white, pyramidal City Hall. Twenty-five stories and 454 feet above Main Street, it is the tallest building in the City and the only one exempt from the 13-story earthquake limit. Next to it is the rectangular tan Federal Building, which resembles a match box standing on its side.

But a block or so farther along the shortest route to the downtown shopping area, my cab passes between a pair of spanking new modernistic structures, all concrete and colored glass.

"What are these?" the fares usually ask.

"The blue-glassed one on the right is the public health building. And the one on stilts on the left is the new police headquarters."

Sometimes the passengers will grunt and turn their attention to the ticking meter or the dilapidated condition of skid row with its rescue missions and pawn shops, their introduction to the business district. But occasionally my mentioning the police building will provoke a different response.

"Isn't that the building with the controversial statue?" they will ask. Or "Where is the faceless monstrosity I've been reading about?" Or "I hear your city council doesn't go for modern art."

One day when I was carrying an apparently well-educated man and woman uptown, they asked if we could stop off to take a look at the controversial object. I'd

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read and heard so much about the statue, and seen so many photographs of it, that I was curious to look at the original myself. "Sure we can," I said, not knowing any better. I parked the cab behind a dump truck on the dusty grounds, which were cluttered with building materials, and put the meter on waiting time, thus combining high finance with artistic research. Externally the building was completed, but there was still some work to be done inside and artisans were moving around leisurely carrying tools and materials. But I knew the statue was in place because I'd read about the hullabaloo raised by the conservative elements of the city when it was installed. One councilman had attacked it as "faceless and gutless." There had been a move to hold up the payment of his $10,000 fee to Bernard Rosenthal, the sculptor. And for a time the council was considering putting the question of retaining the statue on a city-wide ballot, allowing the voters to decide whether they favored using this particular sample of abstract art.

When we got out of the taxi we saw a sign reading, "Danger, No Trespassing." Other signs warned us that we proceed at our own risk and that if we got conked on the head by a falling brick or a tapped telephone it was our own fault for being there in the first place. My fares were undaunted. The three of us tramped across pipes and lumber to what we thought was the front of the building.

When we got there we saw, under an overshadowing canopy, what was probably the statue. It was covered with brown wrapping paper. It looked larger than life size. A passing workman told us it had been welded in place by its creator and then covered up to prevent its disfigurement, either accidentally by workers or purposely by those who had a strong distaste for it. He said the statue was scheduled to remain under wraps until the police moved into the building. Once it became official headquarters, presumably there would be enough cops around to protect it.

Since then I drive past it almost every day. Now that I know where to look, I sometimes take a quick glance at the brown paper, traffic permitting, to make sure it is still there. Passing it so often, probably I would have forgotten about it by now, taking it for granted like I do the grime and tawdry tragedy of Main Street, if my passengers didn't occasionally bring up the subject.

Two developments of a few weeks ago renewed my interest in that statue. One was a letter from a friend who publishes a little magazine of some intellectual pretentions. He asked me to contribute an essay on art in Southern California. I replied saying that the only times I'd been inside a museum since the lamented folding of an art magazine with which I was connected had been to get my kids off the streets on rainy Sundays.

"Who's talking about museums?" he wrote back. "Send me something on Rosenthal's *The American Family.*"

I advised my editor friend that Rosenthal's contribution to civic beautification consisted of three disproportioned pinheaded figures in bronze, one apparently an adult male, one an adult female, the third an adolescent. The city Art Commission had okayed the model and the completed work. When it was first put on view the political conservatives were outraged. Feeling the necessity to be on the side of the angels, the political liberals had pretended to be entranced. Personally I hadn't made up my mind about it, I told the editor, and suggested that he get an article from someone with more enthusiasm for abstractions.

The second development smoked me out and made up my mind for me. A taxpayer's suit was recently filed declaring the statue was a "public nuisance." It asked the courts to have the statue removed from the building on the ground that it was "ugly, obscene, vulgar and a travesty on art." This simplified the issues. Now one didn't have to like the statue in order to defend it. Regardless of the merits of the Rosenthal bronze, certainly it was not the province of the courts to set themselves up as arbiters of artistic merit.

The suit was filed by Attorney Jack B. Tenney in behalf of six taxpayers. Mr. Tenney is the composer of *Mexicali Rose* and a former State Senator who distinguished himself by his activities on the little Un-American Activities Committee of the California legislature. I considered him a better song-writer than a statesman. Now I found it easy to disagree with his artistic criteria.

Rosenthal's small-brained, stove-pipe-legged figures may not be ideal representatives of the American family protected by the cops. But the father, mother and child do have a certain dignity of stance. The artist's grouping emphasizes male protectiveness. And even if the work were a complete flop in my eyes as well as Jack Tenney's, still it is not for me or him or the courts to decide what statues the public can look at. Posterity will be the judge.

Courts at law were set up to decide cases rather than give opinions on art. At least I hope so. Otherwise our sculptors will become as hesitant with their hammers and blow torches as some of our writers already are becoming with their typewriters.

I would have ended at this point but the B.Y.L., who persists in reading over my shoulder, demanded the last word. "What probably made them sore is that Rosenthal left off the badge," she said, fingering the photographs which I had lying around for reference while I wrote this. "If he had made an enormous policeman with a big badge standing behind the family group, everybody would have loved it." "I get your point," I agreed. "He leaves something to the imagination."

Just by studying the photographs, the B.Y.L. seems to have put her finger on the central issue. Here's a statue which glorifies not nordic beauty, not power and authority, but simple human dignity.

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The Superficial Aspect

Morality minus Mentality

THE Affair of the Salk Vaccine involves no moral turpitude, as far as the public is aware. It does not even involve political shenanigans, as most governmental stupidities do. Neither the Administration nor the Republican Party had anything to gain by risking the snarl-up that has occurred, so this cannot be described as an instance in which inept politicians out-smarted themselves. They were not trying to be smart, they were only being natural; but the result is an exhibition that staggers the sourest cynics.

To an outside observer, judging entirely by the news that is public property, it seems improbable that the government was guilty of a single evil thought in connection with this business. The trouble is that it was not guilty of any thought of any kind. It appeared to be serenely unaware that a special duty devolved upon it simply by reason of the magnitude of the problem. It was content to follow the routine established many years ago to protect the public against harmful or useless innovations in the field of medicine; it could not understand that the intense interest in this particular innovation imposed upon it a special responsibility.

In this case, as in nearly every other special problem that has been suddenly presented, the Administration seemed to be obsessed with something like Harding's certainty that a "return to normalcy" is the great desideratum. The first consideration in the circumstances was to see to it that there should be no interference with the normal operations of Free Private Enterprise; why worry about a few dead children as long as Holy Enterprise remained free from the defiling touch of Creeping Socialism? The Administration seems shocked and amazed by the discovery that the public regards the children vastly more important than either the profits or the convenience of pharmaceutical corporations.

Many years ago normalcy was succinctly, if inadvertently, described by a Republican Stalwart. In 1920, shortly after the nomination of Harding, he asserted publicly that the nomination was unexceptionable except for one minor objection. "Warren," the Stalwart admitted, "lacks mentality."

Judging by its first 27 months the epitaph of the Eisenhower Administration may be, "It lacked mentality." From the day when Charles E. Wilson barged into Washington without first qualifying, legally, for the position he was to hold, down to the hash made of the Salk vaccine, the most startling of the Administration's activities have evidenced lack not of morality but of mentality.

Only a fortnight ago when Chou, the Chinese Communist, made the first gesture that might be regarded as conciliatory and was instantly slapped in the face by the State Department, it developed that the repulse was due not to any wicked determination to provoke hostilities but merely to the fact that neither Mr. Hoover, at the State Department, nor Mr. Eisenhower, at Gettysburg, knew exactly what Mr. Dulles, off fishing somewhere, thought of the gesture. Mr. Dulles dashed back to Washington and hastily retrieved the error, but not until the world had been given the impression that the Administration in Washington really doesn't know which way it is heading.

Mr. Benson's modest proposal to plow under the marginal farmers; Mr. Wilson's dictum that what is good for General Motors is good for the United States; and Mr. Nixon's remarkable propensity for spilling the beans, all are attributable less to evil thinking than to nonthinking.

Perhaps most startling of all, yet ignored as trivial, was an incident nearly two years ago when Lodge, at the United Nations, was fighting with his back to the wall because Nehru had jumped the reservation and was leading the Comanches in a raid on the democratic stockade. A White House spokesman announced that the President, then in Denver, proposed to take the week off and do nothing except go golfing and fishing. The fact of the matter was that there was little else he could do, but for the President to announce publicly that he was going loafing at that critical moment was, well, just lack of mentality.

THIS HAS imposed a terrific strain on the one-party press. To do it justice, it has seldom suppressed the news, but it has suppressed apposite comment on the succession of blunders. To appreciate the difference one need only recall what followed when Truman, at a moment when foreign affairs were so critical that sober-minded men were fearing war in a matter of days, toyed with the idea of sending Chief Justice Vinson abroad as an additional negotiator. But he consulted Secretary of State Marshall, then in Paris, and Marshall disapproved, so Truman dropped the idea.

But some Judas—it was Truman's ill-luck always to have an Iscariot lurking in the background—gave the story to the one-party press, and it squalled for a week, not because the President had done anything, but because he had momentarily thought of an injudicious move. Yet there may be a certain consistency in it. President Truman was denounced for thinking wrong; President Eisenhower is not denounced, perhaps for lack of evidence that he thinks.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The French as Dostoevsky Saw Them

by Saul Bellow

RENTING an apartment in Paris was not a simple matter in 1947, but a good friend of mine, Nicolaus, had found one for us on the right bank, in a fussy building. I had brought a new Remington portable typewriter, which the landlady had absolutely demanded as a gift. She had to have the rent in dollars, too. Francs would not do. It was a steep rental. Nicolaus, however, said the apartment was worth the money. He knew Paris, and I took his word for it. Nicolaus spoke French perfectly. People from Indianapolis take to French quite naturally; I have observed this time and again. He was a perfect Frenchman, carried a pair of gloves and drove a French car. He was annoyed with me when I asked my landlady how one disposed of the garbage in this apartment. "In France," he said to me severely, detaining me in the chilly dining-room, "no man would ask such a question. Garbage is not your concern. You are not supposed to know that garbage exists. Besides, *ordures* is not a nice word."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry. I suppose I shouldn't have asked."

The landlady now brought forth her *inventaire*. An amazing document! A catalogue of every object in the house, from the Chippendale chair to the meanest cup, fully and marvelously described in stiff, upright, copious letters. We started to go through the list, and moved from Madame's room, a flapper's boudoir of the 'twenties, backwards to the kitchen. Madame read the description and displayed each article. "Dining-room table. *Style Empire*. Condition excellent. Triangular scratch on left side. No other defect." We finished in the kitchen with three lousy tin spoons.

"Ah," said Nicolaus, "What a sense of detail the French have!"

I was less impressed, but one must respect respect itself and I did not openly disagree.

As soon as Madame left, I turned a somersault over the Chippendale chair and landed thunderously on the floor. This lightened my heart for a time, but in subsequent dealings with Madame and others in France I could not always recover my lightness of heart by such means.

Depressed and sunk in spirit, I dwelt among Madame's works of art that cold winter of 1948. The city lay under perpetual fog and the smoke could not rise and flowed in the streets in brown and gray currents. An unnatural medicinal smell emanated from the Seine. Many people suffered from the *grippe Espagnole*—all diseases are apt to be of foreign origin—and many more from melancholy and bad temper. Paris is the seat of a highly developed humanity, and one thus witnesses highly developed forms of suffering there. Witnesses and sometimes, experiences. Sadness is a daily levy that civilization imposes in Paris. *Gay* Paris? Gay, my foot! Mere advertising. Paris is one of the grimmest cities in the world. I do not ask you to take my word for it. Go to Balzac and Stendhal, to Zola, to Strindberg —to Paris itself. Nicolaus said the Parisians were celebrated for their tartness of character. He declared that it would be better for me to feel my way into it than to criticize it. Himself, he was a connoisseur of the Parisian temperament. I was lacking in detachment, he said. To this accusation I confessed and pleaded guilty. I was a poor visitor and, by any standard, an inferior tourist.

Once I tried to show a lady from Chicago the view of the Forum from the Tarpeian Rock. She had just arrived from Florence and was full of it; she would not stop talking of its wonders even when we were standing before the view. She annoyed me greatly and I said to myself, "Damn her! I know she's been in Florence. I believe her. But now she's on the Tarpeian Rock." I said to her "Do you know what used to happen here?" She seemed not to hear. She answered with a remark about the *Signoria* which, for a split second, made me want to throw her down like one of the malefactors of old. But I wronged her. How could she meditate upon the Forum when she had not yet absorbed the *Signoria*?

But I was going to tell the story of my first reading of *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions*.

My young son came down with the measles. Our lanky doctor observed that the apartment was not nearly warm enough. "You must heat the boy's room," he said, and filled out a formal requisition for an emergency coal ration. I put on my coat and took the paper to the *Mairie* of our *arrondissement*, as instructed. There I sat and waited, as one waits in government offices the world over.

A large stained room. Shadows of chicken wire. Blinding lights. Several ladies at an official table, each of them the spit and image of Colette, their cheeks autumnally red, their heads bushy, small brown cigarette butts between their lips—no French civil servant who lacks a *megot* is an authentic officer of the state.

For an hour or two I waited my turn, and when it came I stated my case simply and presented the doctor's note; I confidently expected to receive the coal order.

"Ah, non!" Colette number one told me. The doctor's order was written upon one of his regular prescription blanks, whereas a special blank was provided for coal orders, very similar to but not identical with the prescription sort of blank. The real thing had perforations on the left side.

Didn't the Mesdames believe that my order bore the doctor's signature? Did they think that I had forged it? Not necessarily, said Colette number two. Nevertheless they could do nothing that was not in proper form. They could issue emergency coal rations solely upon presentation of the perforated *fiche*. The *rougeole* did not impress them, though I pride myself that I pronounced the word creditably. From the look on the face of Colette number three I knew that the coal would not be granted, and I made my way back to the dripping street telling myself in French that I would buy my coal on the black market.

It was on the same day that I found on one of the stands near the Châtelet a book of Dostoevsky called *Le Bourgeois de Paris*—the French title of *Winter*

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Notes—and I sat in the illegally heated room, in the odor of the paste my son was using on his paper dolls, and eagerly and sometimes wildly read it. Its prejudices ought to have offended me; instead I was unable to suppress certain utterances of satisfaction and agreement. I too was a foreigner and a barbarian from a vast and backward land. And one is more foreign in France than in other countries. Americans find it hard to believe that foreigners are unalterably foreign, for they have seen generations of immigrants who became Americans. Old cultures are impermeable and exclusive; none is more so than the French. I should like to make it clear that I had not heaped blame irrationally upon France. I said to myself often, "Because you have paid the price of admission and have come with your awkward affections in your breast and dollars in your pocket, do you expect these people to press you to their hearts, and to take you into their homes? You must try to appreciate the fact that they have other and more important concerns. Only three years ago Hitler was deporting thousands, shooting hostages. A war has been fought here, probably the most atrocious in history. And now the Communists are trying to drag France into Russia. America presses from the other side. Armies of tourists are pouring in. And must you interject your irrelevant self?"

Yet as I read *Winter Notes* I realized that to foreign eyes the French in 1862 were not substantially different from those of 1948. The great wars had not wrought too many changes in them. If wars could bring substantial changes, would we not all be deeply altered? If death and suffering had the power to teach us, would we of this century not all be wiser than our fathers? Hard, stubborn man, alas, does not easily correct himself, forgets what he has felt and seen.

SOME of Dostoevsky's strictures repelled me by their harshness. He is disagreeable as only a great radical can be. Recalling how evasive he had been when the Tsar's soldiers killed Polish patriots, I disliked his Slavophile notions. And then, too, a Jewish reader can seldom forget his anti-Semitism.

It is, however, essential to remember that is was for his participation in the Petrashevsky "conspiracy" that Dostoevsky had been sent into exile. The idols

Dostoevsky

of this immature and probably harmless group of young men were the French radicals—St. Simon, Fourier, and Sebastian Cabet among others. The group had given a banquet honoring Fourier's birthday. Dostoevsky was therefore no ordinary Russian tourist in Paris. He had been condemned to death; the sentence had been commuted to Siberian exile; this exile had recently ended. For his adherence to French and Western ideas he had thus been severely penalized, and he proceeded, understandably enough, to examine the European right to teach and lead young Russians.

It would be naïve not to assume that he had already judged Europe. It is not for his fairness that he is famous. Besides, it is not easy to blame him. But he had certainly formed his views of Europe beforehand; he was already under Slavophile influence, and in London he went to visit Herzen, the greatest of the Russian exiles in Europe. Some of Herzen's views are reflected in these articles. Unfortunately for the betterment of mankind it is not always the fair minded who are in the right. Dostoevsky found what he needed in France, England, and Germany to support his prejudgments. Bourgeois France aroused his profoundest hatred. There is not a nation anywhere which does not contradict its highest principles in daily practice, but the French contradiction was in his eyes the worst because France presumed to offer the world intellectual and political leadership.

Examining the great slogans of the French Revolution, Dostoevsky declared that liberty in France was the possession of those who had a million francs:

> Equality before the law as it is now put into practice, each Frenchman can and ought to consider a personal insult. What is left of the formula? Fraternity. Now this is a very curious item and it must be admitted, still forms the chief stumbling block for the West.
>
> The Westerner speaks of fraternity as of a great motivating force of humankind, and does not understand that it is impossible to obtain fraternity if it does not exist in reality. . . . But in French nature, and in Occidental nature in general, it is not present; you find there instead a principle of individualism, a principle of isolation, of intense self-preservation, of personal gain, of self-determination of the *I*, of opposing this *I* to all nature and the rest of mankind as an independent, autonomous principle entirely equal and equivalent to all that exists outside itself.

It is the Western form of individualism that offends Dostoevsky. He invokes a higher individualism to which the desire for fraternal love is natural, an individualism which is self-effacing and sacrificial:

> Understand me: voluntary, fully conscious self-sacrifice utterly free of outside constraint, sacrifice of one's entire self for the benefit of all, is in my opinion a sign of the supreme development of individuality, of its supreme power, absolute self-mastery and freedom of will.

Elsewhere, and especially in the *Brothers Karamazov*, Dostoevsky asks the question that inevitably arises from this attitude: how Christian can a civilization be? And as an artist must, he answers with ever more profound questions. But his severity toward the French never relaxes. In the French bourgeois character he sees a betrayal of the greatest hopes of the modern age.

It is in *Winter Notes* that his antagonism toward the French first appears. It culminates in his wild satire of *Bribri* and *Mabiche*, a funny and also rather ugly affair. The social criticisms of novelists and poets often contain concealed assumptions. Poets wish to see a poetic principle in human action, but they are not always gratified at the effects of literature on social behavior. Dostoevsky abhors "literary" bourgeois motives and the idolatry of culture.

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What happens when literature becomes part of the life of a nation?

I myself did not know whether to cheer or weep when I saw posted in a station in Paris the announcement of a discussion of Racine by the police of the district. *Flics!* Cops! you see. And Racine! I must admit I gloated over this. Wonderful France where even the bulls enjoy sensibility. Yet the pervasiveness of literary interest was not always pleasant. My dentist wished earnestly to discuss a dull play of Camus called *Les Justes* and Sartre's latest novel. On the Boulevard St. Germain, a haberdashery featured silk scarves inscribed romantically with the names of Jean-Paul and Simone. Often Parisians struck me as behaving exactly like a huge cast of characters. Baudelaire complains in *Mon Coeur Mis a Nu* that everyone in France looks like Voltaire.

A great civilization always distinguishes, frames, sets apart, places an imprint of value upon its members. The Parisian face is thus framed, individually distinguished. The historic task of a civilization is to make the world again. To a Frenchman this French world is *the* world. In no other form is it conceivable. Do you want to see an Eskimo? Turn to the *Encyclopédie Larousse.* There you may see him *as he is.* He cannot be otherwise. On a fiercely hot day in Paris a storekeeper told me, *"la chaleur est plus brutale chez vous."* He had never been *chez moi,* but he had no need to leave Paris in order to know this.

But now the stable heavens have been torn asunder. Above is a chaos which French order cannot bear to see. The world has been expanded, horribly. Walls have fallen. The old stability has turned to bitter dust, and the Parisian countenance is filled with irony and with anger.

These are circumstances that bring out the deepest characteristics of a culture. Although we give exclusiveness as one of the criteria of culture, not all cultures are equally exclusive. Everywhere there are natural and human recognitions that supersede the cultural. It is the greater culture which allows the greatest latitude to certain natural human needs and simplicities.

Let it be remembered that it was as a journalist that Dostoevsky wrote these *Winter Notes.* The articles were published in a review called *Vremya* and were read by the majority of educated Russians. Our American journalism of today is quite different. Vast organizations prepare for us their version of things as they are abroad. For this purpose they employ numbers of former police-reporters. And when the stuff gathered by these reporters comes in, it is processed at the editorial desk. And then we are fed a homogeneous substance called information, created by experts, some of whom know how to simulate a *personal* manner. Rarely are talented and educated men permitted to convey in their own words their own sense of reality. No. If an activity is not, in our bureaucratic times, corporate, it is suspect. What we read in our great newspapers and magazines is an artificial mixture concocted to appease our desire to be informed.

Winter Notes is often intemperate, worse than unfair and even frivolous. With his usual comic and cruel candor Dostoevsky concedes that his observations may be sour and jaundiced, and it is characteristic of him that he does not conceal his bias. For him this revelation of bias is a step toward the truth. "Good" principles tempt us to conceal ill-feeling and falsehood. Liberalism, whether it is Eastern or Western, is habitually deceitful. "Let us come forward as we are," Dostoevsky is forever saying, "in our native crudity. No disguises."

This is one of his important principles and he holds to it remarkably well. You may study his views of many topics in the huge, crazy, foaming, vengeful, fulminating book called *A Writer's Diary.* In this collection of his journalistic writings he records repeatedly his growing bitterness toward Europe. Europeans cannot understand Russia, he says. Even those who attempt "to grasp our Russian essence" do so in vain; they "will long fail to comprehend. . . ."

Yet Dostoevsky considered himself a most practical Christian. The literary historian D. S. Mirsky speaks of "the rational and pragmatic nature of his Christianity." A statement of this sort about a man who freely confessed his hatred of Frenchmen, Germans, and Poles, gives one pause. We are commanded by Christianity to love everyone. Non-Christians have long understood the difficulty of following this injunction literally. It is almost unnecessary to add that Christians have, too. If I employ the word "almost" it is because the mixture of nationalism and Christianity is not easy to comprehend. Was Dostoevsky able to love Russians more because he detested Germans? Is it perhaps necessary to fix a limit to the number of people one can try to love? It does not surprise modern readers, acquainted with twentieth-century psychology, that the power to hate increases the power to love also. The Duc de St. Simon said long ago that love and hate were fed by a single nerve. The same thought is expressed clearly enough by William Blake. Dostoevsky was not ignorant of it. But his personal opinions were not rational. As an artist he was both rational and wise.

An odd thing: when Dostoevsky was, toward the end of his career, corresponding with his friend the infamous reactionary Pobedonostyev, he referred once to a problem he was facing in the composition of *The Brothers Karamazov.* The chapters in which Ivan had doubted the existence of divine justice, indicted God, offered to return his "ticket" to the Creator, and narrated his fable of the Grand Inquisitor had just been com-

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pleted. Through Father Zossima, Dostoevsky was about to begin to answer Ivan's arguments and accusations. He hoped, he said, that he would be able to answer them artistically. To answer artistically is to do justice, to respect proportions and harmonies with which journalists and polemicists do not have to bother their heads. In the novel the writer cannot permit himself to be sour, jaundiced, cruel, intemperate and arbitrary. There savageries are tamed by truth.

Truth, said Tolstoi at the conclusion of *Sebastopol*, was the hero of his novel. In this, at any rate, the two masters of the Russian novel were in agreement.

Mr. Bellow's essay, in an extended form, will serve as the introduction to the forthcoming American edition of *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions*, to be published by Criterion Books.

The Greenest Land She's Almost Seen

by Irving Howe

IF unicorns and peepernooters wrote literary criticism—instead of the apes and elephants that do—the result might be something as curious as Miss Moore's literary essays. For whatever their elusive irritations, they are the pangolins and jerboas of our criticism, exotics as rare as the birds and fishes in Miss Moore's poems.

Predilections, by Marianne Moore (Viking, $3.50).

Miss Moore's little essays are mainly about the poets of her own generation —Eliot, Stevens, cummings, Williams— for whom she feels a loyalty so complete as to preclude any sharp critical judgment. Her essays violate not merely all the traditional rules, but also the new rules by which the traditional ones are supposed to be violated. They have but the faintest beginnings, hardly any middles and certainly no ends. They do not pounce on a poet's main themes, nor do they really say much about the techniques of verse. Miss Moore glides around her subject with the determined gracefulness of a large well-trained bird; she quotes a few lines here, a newspaper clipping there; she writes entire pieces that consist of little except quotations from Eliot (a mistake, since his lucid gravity seems too serious, too consequential amid her clever flutings). If anyone else did this sort of thing, one would be appalled. But here one is never quite sure. For she *is* shrewd and canny; her sleeve *is* well-stocked; and besides, one warns oneself, beware of the blandness of formidable lady poets, never more formidable than when most fragile.

In both verse and behavior Miss Moore likes the quality she calls "reticent candor," frankness without unburdening. For this quality, as also for precision, clarity and charm she is constantly on the hunt, not only in the poets she praises—those she does not like must suffer her silence, forever—but in the prose she writes. It is a slender elegant prose, too much given to ellipsis and a kind of imagist particularly which makes the sentences interesting but also makes it hard to move from sentence to sentence.

At times she is quaint, self-imitative, even cute. Talking about Wallace Stevens:

> Upon the general marine volume of statement is set a parachute-spinnaker of verbiage which looms out like half a cantaloupe and gives the body of the theme the air of a fabled argosy advancing.

Or you get that particularization of times—close, I think, to what might be called the obscurity of specification—which poets succumb to when, in writing criticism, they try to avoid the abstractions they dislike in critics:

> To manners and harmonics is added an exultant grasp of spectacle that is a veritable refuge of "blessed mornings, meet for the young alligator"; an equivalence for jungle beauty, arctic beauty, marine beauty, meridian, hothouse, consciously urban or unconsciously natural beauty . . .

And—this is rock bottom—Miss Moore can sometimes gush in a surprisingly unmoorian way, as about a book by e e cummings:

> It is a book of wisdom that knowledge cannot contradict; of mind that is heart because it is alive; of wealth that is nothing but joy.

Wow!

But no one, least of all a mere male critic, should be in a hurry to dismiss these pieces. Miss Moore tells us that Stevens is "a delicate apothecary of savors and precipitates," and that last word is worth half a ton of essays. She is very fine at pointing up the skill with which Pound uses rhymes in *Mauberley*. And her piece on Sir Francis Bacon is a lovely portrait, clever at prying into those corners of verbal idiosyncracy which more imposing critics seldom notice.

That Miss Moore's essays cannot be easily classified is no cause for alarm. What does disturb one is the sense that in reading these pieces one is listening to a fine voice that can't or won't do anything but hum at the same pitch and volume; one longs for a rise to distinct emphasis or a settling into a hard passage. Another way of saying this is that Miss Moore is excessively "literary"—everything seems to come from books or clippings, and the total impression is one of claustrophobic solipsism. To be sure, she has the "courage of her peculiarities," but in the end she seems too committed to her own mask, too entranced with the image of what Marianne Moore should be like when she writes prose. Reticent candor, a cultivated relationship with the works she discusses, a glancing hit—these we get and enjoy. But about the deeper possibilities of literary criticism one is tempted to say, with no malice and no little admiration, that it's the greenest land she's almost seen.

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THEATRE

The Queen's Gambit by Maurice Valency (Brander Matthews Theatre).

A LADY shelters an escaped prisoner-of-war, and shields him from the military police by disguising him as a servant. As the policeman-in-chief is an old foe of hers, she hugely enjoys fooling him. But all is not fun. The lady and her niece have both fallen in love with the fugitive. Which of the two will win him? And what qualities of nobility or meanness will the rivalry show forth? The lady is a heroine, and never even lets her niece know she is interested in the man. Having saved him from the police, she magnanimously surrenders him to her younger rival.

No story, I suppose, is impressive in the form of a summary, though anyone with a nose for it might scent out a drama even in the meager information just provided. Very dramatic in possibility is the fact that on so small a battlefield no less than two battles are indicated and that both are being fought for the same prize: the two women are competing for the man's hand and they are joining forces against a villain who wants the man's head. And, in fact, the play I am summarizing was once a very famous drama: *Bataille de Dames* by Eugène Scribe and Ernest Legouvé. How many of my readers have ever heard of it? Eugène Scribe has been praised as effusively, and damned as angrily, as any playwright that ever lived. How many *NR* readers have ever heard of *him?* The subject, indeed, might never have come up in these columns, had Mr. Milton Smith not revived the play at Columbia University. What a task! If the revival of a celebrated masterpiece presents problems, what about the revival of a forgotten play written in a forgotten style? Well, of course, one possibility is to have the script reconceived and re-written till it is something completely new and in the swim. A recent instance is Dumas' *Kean,* as re-written by Jean-Paul Sartre. Dumas' *Kean* tells us that the make-believe of the stage is a higher reality than life outside. Sartre's *Kean* tells us that the swindle on stage is pretty much the same as the swindle off it: life itself is make-believe, and make-believe is make-believe squared. In such a case, as with Brecht's version of *The Beggar's Opera,* the old play is but a pretext for a new one. Alternatively, we may be historians and wish to have the old play presented just as it was, the question being whether, in its pristine state, the play still preserves its theatricality. *Bataille de Dames* was translated by an English contemporary almost as famous as Scribe himself, Tom Robertson. The heroine of the Robertson version speaks in this vein: "No! True tenderness, real, deep, profound love can stimulate our sex to laugh in face of peril, to smile while death drags at our heart-strings, but, when danger is past, our courage leaves us and our womanhood returns to us in—tears." To which our hero returns: "Oh! angel, fairy, enchantress, teach me how I can repay you!" Unnecessary to denounce this style of writing. The interesting question is why such a rhetoric ever had currency and why, once current, it fell into disuetude and contempt; after all, for great stretches of the time, it was good enough for Dickens and at least one generation of his readers; and, as late as 1905, a very superior playwright, Clyde Fitch, could end an act of *The Girl with the Green Eyes* with: "Throwing herself down on the floor, she sobs hysterically, wildly, 'What have I done? Dear God, what have I done?'." The fact that this last query has become a byword should not blind us to the positive qualities of melodramatic rhetoric; the phony tough talk of today's popular writing is not superior; and we laugh at those inflated periods partly because we fear that, if we don't, we might prove susceptible to their emotionality. Yet the fact remains—whether the reasons are creditable or not—that the old rhetoric, along with the afflatus of conscious virtue in heroines and conscious vice in villains, is no longer negotiable.

In adjusting *Bataille de Dames* to the modern stage as *The Queen's Gambit,* Mr. Maurice Valency has steered a middle course between literal translation and the total re-conceptions of Sartre and Brecht. Giving up the melodramatic rhetoric and its dramaturgical accoutrements (asides and the like), he has not imposed a philosophy of his own, but has been content to subject the material to stylistic revision. In effect, he has made over a romance into a comedy, for he takes a satirical attitude to incidents and characters which Scribe accepted with dour earnestness. Occasionally the new comic matter is too perceptibly extraneous. These dragoons have been inserted by someone who knows his Gilbert and Sullivan. The jokes approach the New York wisecrack. (Young man on seeing Leda and the swan depicted in embroidery: "I can't quite fathom the swan." Embroideress: "Neither could Leda.") But on the whole Mr. Valency's strategy is successful: his play is a play and, in a large measure, it is Scribe too. Even the parody is of that best sort: the parody which increases your respect for the thing parodied. Try and read Scribe and you will be bored; see him as presented at Columbia and not only will you be amused but you will even begin to comprehend how the man could be so influential. Ibsen himself directed no less than 21 Scribe plays in Bergen; an American historian said that every innovation in nineteenth-century drama originated with Scribe and that the high point in every main dramatic genre was also reached in his work.

This last is not true, of course. But at a time when the phrase "well made play" is little more than an emotive noise signalling disapproval (ask any drama critic what a well-made play *is*) the practice of Scribe is a reminder that plot without much else makes better drama than much else without plot. The moderns have the advantage, perhaps, in their opening scenes. Having no further end in view, they can simply write an interesting scene. Plots as good as Scribe's require elaborate preparation; at the first intermission, the Columbia audience was only partly convinced. It was in the second and third acts that the preparations paid off, and a fine series of big scenes unfolded before us.

A few weeks ago Mr. Brooks Atkinson was praising a playwright for getting rid of dramaturgic machinery and just letting the truth speak. What a pity it is that such a thing as dramaturgy ever existed, since truth can hold forth unassisted! Except that since the onset of naturalism half a century ago, we have had a spate of "truth," and by now we are again willing to acknowledge that life is not art, for the reason that chaos is not cosmos. Which means, incidentally, that we are willing at last to recognize the merit of that greatest non-genius of the drama, Eugène Scribe.

ERIC BENTLEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Faith and Analysis

SIRS:

William H. Roberts' excursion into the mysterious if not mystic relationships between religion and psychiatry ("Faith and Analysis," *NR*, May 16) or as some prefer it, theology and psychology, has resulted in a compounding of the confusion, or at least there is shed little light.

He begins his essay as follows:

> When Freud horrified the Western world with his account of *the unconscious* and his description of the *libido* of little children, SIN, whether original or incurred, had all but disappeared from the sermons of popular preachers.

This would seem to indicate that to Roberts' belief, in the period of 1900 to 1920 popular preachers did not discuss Sin in their sermons. It is this writer's impression that sin has been a popular if not the most popular subject for sermons for many centuries past.

To quote Roberts further:

> No grim Puritan divine, no militant Father of the Church, ever described human nature in the raw in more horrific terms than did Freud, who called a baby a "polymorphous perverse."

Here is the problem of the incomplete quotation. The exact quotation, from *Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex,* is as follows:

> It is instructive to know that under the influence of seduction the child may become polymorphous perverse and may be misled into all sorts of transgressions.

The author finds that "The techniques of psychotherapy and of 'spiritual' counsel are basically similar." Without going into the dialectics of whether "confession, repentance and surrender of self-will and the casting down of idols" are common aspects of both psychotherapy and spiritual counsel, it would appear that the author completely overlooks the basic difference between the sinner who confesses to the priest and repents, and the neurotic, who when he "confesses" to the psychiatrist is not so much expected to repent as he is expected to search deep within himself and his memory of past experience for reasons that can adequately account for not only his anxiety and guilt but more importantly, to learn why he has been unable better to manage his life and to cope with life's problems without neurotic conflicts.

The author is on safer ground when he quotes Paul Tillich as stating that psychotherapy re-enacts one of the central Christian mysteries—that of justification by Faith. "The patient comes to the therapist principally because he cannot accept himself." He finds himself accepted though he "knows" he is unacceptable. (Latter quotation marks mine.)

Roberts inclines to the view of Tillich that "only a priestly man can be a complete psychiatrist." This statement is open to various interpretations:

> To minister to human suffering and need, to awaken hope, to call forth courage and strengthen resolution, priests and psychiatrists must both develop an unflinching realism . . . must have a deep faith in human beings and see the possibilities of health, happiness and beauty that lie open. Both must be able to speak with confidence of their own victories won over doubt and weakness.

The vast majority of psychiatrists and the clergy would probably accept this statement, but it brings to mind a new type of individual on the American scene. I speak of the clergyman who would be a psychiatrist and the psychiatrist who would be a clergyman. This century has produced several well-known examples of the former but none of the latter, to my knowledge. John Rathbone Oliver (1872-1943) was the first well-known American who added to his qualifications as an Episcopalian clergyman those of medicine and psychiatry. Similarly Thomas Verner Moore (1877-), who as a Benedictine monk received his church's permission to study medicine and to qualify himself in psychiatry, in which field he earned a well-justified reputation.

Currently there are others of the American Catholic clergy who have a medical education and psychiatric training in addition to their earlier clerical education. This group is a small one, but there is a growing number of clergymen and rabbis whose interest in pastoral counselling has reached the point where they are no longer primarily carrying on the traditional priestly functions of the shepherd with his flock. They are individuals who, without medical education, have studied to various degrees the literature and techniques of modern psychiatric treatment, most specifically those of psychotherapy, and on occasions have established themselves almost as independent professional men, charging fees for their "pastoral counselling" and attempting to treat the mentally and emotionally ill without benefit of other license than their degree in divinity, plus various non-medical academic diplomas.

This writer, a psychiatrist, has had both personal interest in and contact with this new clerical group. It seems apparent that in all those instances where the traditional role of the clergy has been abandoned, not in name but in action, for the full-time practice of pastoral counselling, most especially in those instances where it furnishes a livelihood, we have then either a disillusioned religionist, a confused individual, or worst of all, a materialistic opportunist. It seems to me unlikely that psychiatry will learn much about religion from these individuals. If there is to be a meeting of minds as to what constitutes the similarities and differences between psychiatric treatment and spiritual counsel, it will be by meetings between true religious leaders and medical men trained in psychiatry.

Where theologians and psychiatrists both approach the common problems with an open mind and strive not to convince but to learn, both can make possible a greater mutual understanding and each increase his usefulness to those who suffer.

ROBERT T. MORSE, M.D.
Washington, D. C.

► Confusion on Capitol Hill

SIRS:

The constitutional functions of the executive and legislative branches of our federal government are being drastically modified today, as opposed to the specific functions of each of these branches provided for in our Constitution. Our federal government appears to be moving toward the British system, where the executive is in the legislative. The functions of our State Department appear to

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have been moved to the halls of Congress.

Vice President Richard Nixon, presiding officer of the Senate, took the initiative and enunciated foreign policy on Indo-China. He had advocated involving American troops there, only later to be repudiated by the President and Mr. Dulles.

Knowland took the initiative and uttered what appeared to be the Administration's policy on (Formosa). Again the President and Mr. Dulles have come through . . . to set the record straight, supposedly.

Moreover, in the last few weeks Democratic Senator Walter George, Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, has had to wrest the making of foreign policy from both Mr. Eisenhower and his Secretary of State. Senator George took the initiative by television in calling for a "top level Big Four Conference." The President and Mr. Dulles, as usual, trailed along.

Chou En-lai announced that he would meet with us to discuss the Formosa matter, and the announcement came from the "policy-makers" that we would not meet unless the Chinese Nationalists were present at the talks. Again Senator George spoke out, more eloquently than previously, saying that "this nation should be big enough and strong enough" to meet with anyone to discuss peace. Again the Administration acquiesced and again modified one of its "policies."

The American people are confused, misinformed or not informed at all on what our foreign policy is; if we have any at all—it's still a secret.

LEONARD BROWN, JR.

Alexandria, Va.

► News in California

SIRS:

There is a cartoon on the back cover of your May 2 issue which hits us squarely. It shows a man so bewildered by the conflicting news on his television set, that he turns it off and goes out to buy a *New Republic*.

We have read the *New Republic* for many years and my teen-age son quoted you in his high school classes, often clashing with his teacher's opinions. But the reason I'm writing you now about the cartoon is that our fair city has been without a decent liberal newspaper since the demise of the *News* a short time before Christmas, 1954. If we didn't get our weekly copy of the *NR* and many other good publications we might become as apathetic as most of the people in Los Angeles.

You are doing a fine job of reporting and deserve the good reputation you have. Good luck on your continued fair and unbiased reporting of *all* the news.

SYLVIA D. RUSSELL

Los Angeles, California

► A Hot Time in Arabia

SIRS:

I have no desire to clutter your limited space with recriminations, but I have to reply to Mr. Robert Graves' suggestion (*NR*, May 16, 1955) that I am confused as to where I was during the Arab campaign. I was in the Red Sea, not the Persian Gulf. I was never in the Persian Gulf. I refer to Aldington's Weij as what we called Loheija because Aldington places it on the map exactly where I saw Loheija on the chart when we were outside that place, if you can call it a place. We never went below Jiddah.

As for the Turks, who, according to Mr. Graves, were not there, he will have to argue that out with the Royal Navy, why they had a squadron, including two air-craft carriers (I was aboard one of them), two cruisers, and an obsolete battleship down there. Off shore the Red Sea water was ninety degrees and its saline content three times the usual ocean saltiness. In the sun it was around a hundred and ten. In the engine room it was a hundred and thirty. You don't forget places like that.

WILLIAM MCFEE

Roxbury, Connecticut

BANDWAGON

CHARLES R. SLIGH JR., past president of the National Association of Manufacturers, said here last night that adoption of the guaranteed annual wage plan will "mean the end of America as we know it." *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, May 6, 1955.

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE [speaking to the National Chamber of Commerce at the Statler Hotel] said . . . that with the American business community — "shot through with Christian morality as it is today, the greatest days in the history of free enterprise lie ahead."—*Washington Post & Times-Herald*, May 5, 1955.

A BILL requiring tavernkeepers to sign a loyalty oath is before the Wisconsin legislature.

Assemblyman Eugene Toepel said he introduced the measure because in most "cloak and dagger" stories, subversive elements gathered in taverns.—*Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*, May 1, 1955.

MRS. GOODWIN J. KNIGHT wrote a poem, the Governor of Delaware heard her read it, and now California's First Lady is an honorary poet laureate of the State of Delaware.

Here it is:

The President smiled at me,
And every fiber of emotion swelled
with my soul . . .
In that split moment . . . recognition.
Two old friends of long ago.
The President smiled at me.
And waved his hand for all to see.
And I blushed . . . and smiled . . . and
bowed my head,
So deep was my humility . . .
When the President smiled at me.

The Governor's press secretary, Tom Brite, said it is his understanding Mrs. Knight wrote the verse after seeing President Eisenhower at a dinner in Washington early this week.—*The San Francisco Chronicle*, May 7, 1955.

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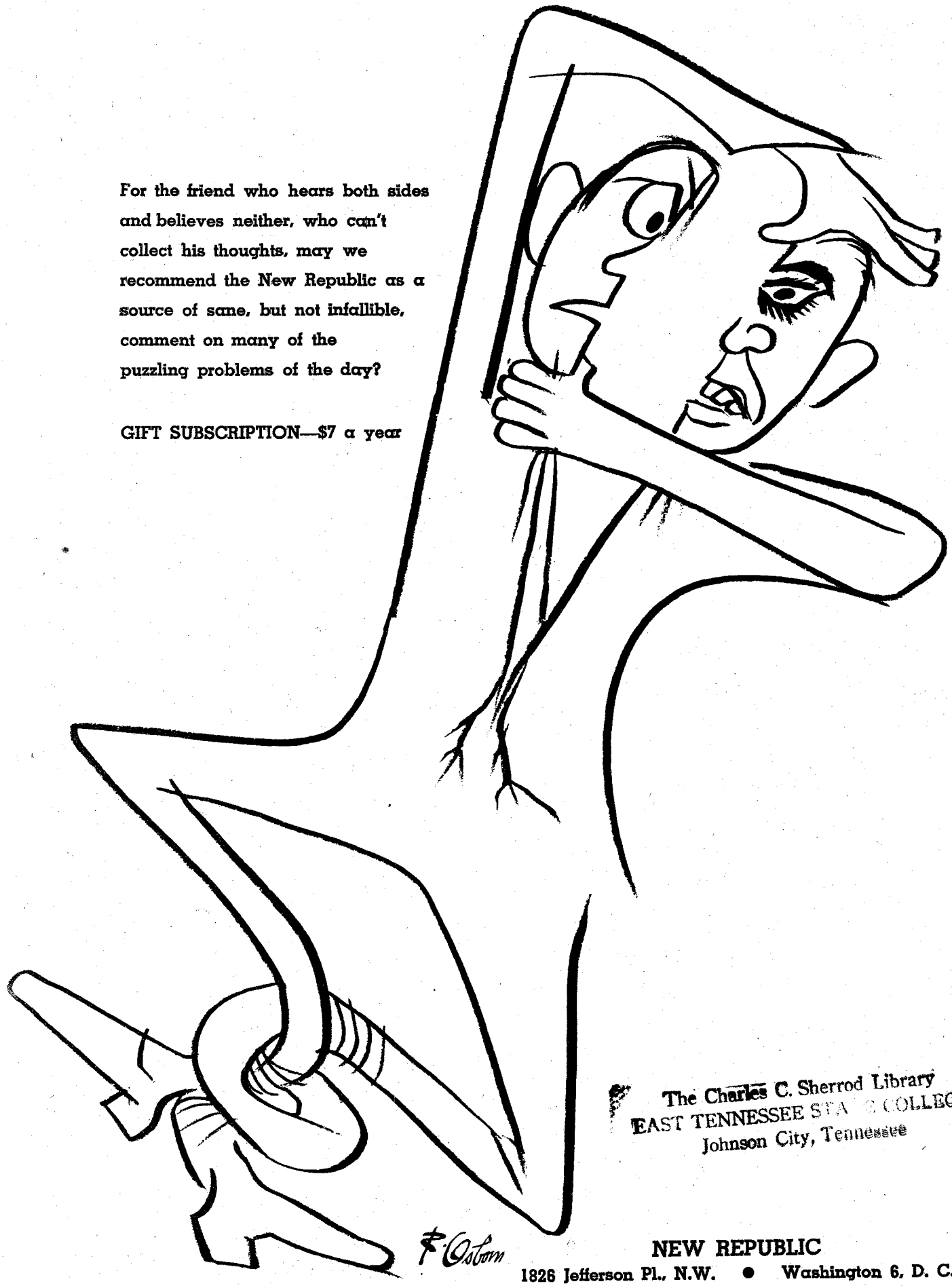

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